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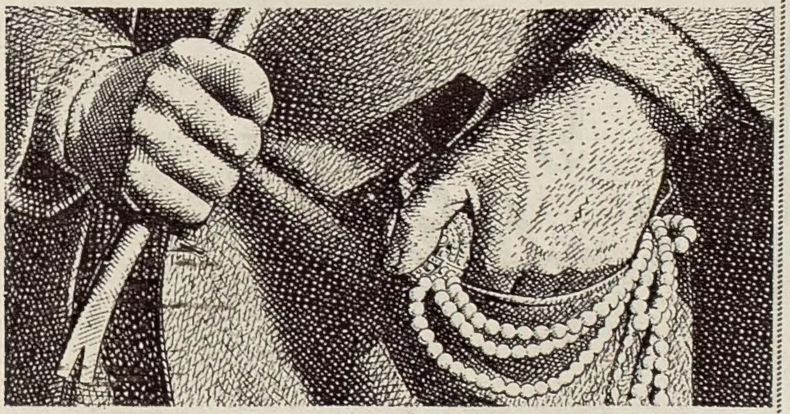

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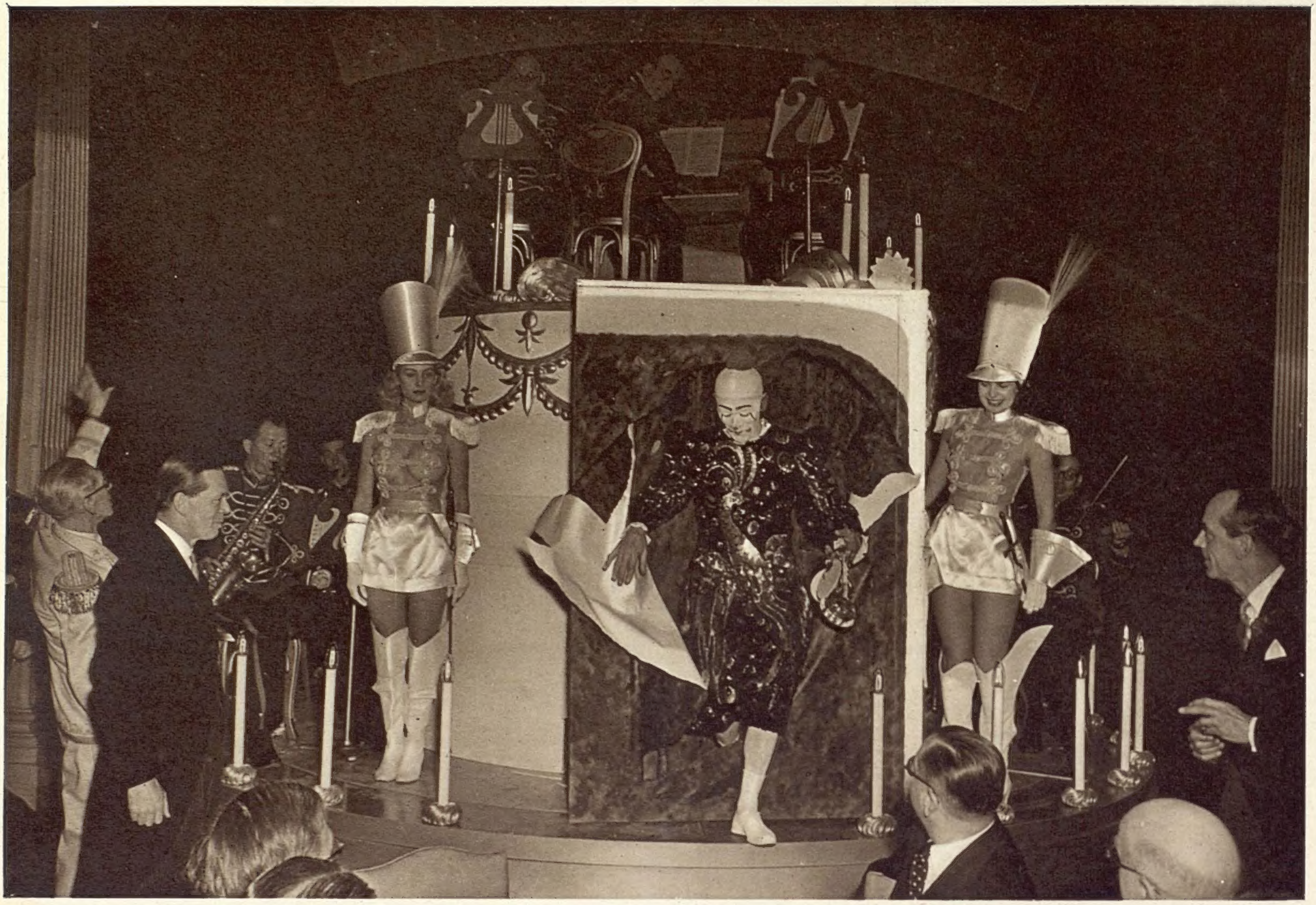
The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1952

Photographed by Roger Wood.

BALLERINA'S DEPUTY

The absence from the Sadler's Wells Ballet of Margot Fonteyn and Moira Shearer has given several young members of the Company a chance to dance the "ballerina" rôles. During the current season at Covent Garden, Rosemary Lindsay is dancing in *Symphonic Variations*, the rôle created for Margot Fonteyn, and also Princess Aurora in the full-length version of *The Sleeping Beauty*. Here she is shown in Ninette de Valois' *Don Quixote*, another ballet in which she will be seen during the New Year.



A cake large enough to support part of the orchestra was "cut" by the brothers Mills when Bertram Mills Circus celebrated its silver jubilee on December 19 with a special luncheon at Olympia. As the meal ended, showgirls pulled out a "slice" from which popped Percy Huxter, world-famous clown, who has been with the Mills Circus since its inception. He presented Cyril and Bernard Mills (seen standing on either side of the "cake") with silver mementoes of the occasion on behalf of the circus staff. Cyril Mills summed up the family secret: "We have tried not to become too good or too big."

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

NOT being a pagan, I do not go for New Year's Eve in a big way. I have never seen the point of celebrating a Druidical festival connected with the Winter Solstice, and the pouring out of libations to strange gods with names like Hogmanay by a North British race which I suspect of still wearing woad next the skin. What there is to celebrate in the payment of Schedule "A" Income Tax, Surtax, Club subscriptions, and the like, has always passed my comprehension. However, in spite of all this, I dare say that midnight on December 31 will find me in some overcrowded, over-priced restaurant, linking hands with some complete stranger, and chanting an incantation in a forgotten dialect (doubtless also of Druidical origin) which I understand to deal with matters past a long time since.

Last year, indeed, I found myself giving a party in my house, which started as a dinner-party for four, and ended as a buffet supper for some thirty. I must confess I enjoyed it. Not the least enjoyable moment was when I overheard the nineteen-year-old son of a friend of mine, just down from his first term at Oxford, in earnest discussion with a niece, also aged about nineteen. Said the one to the other: "On the whole, I am not terribly keen on Tchekov." Replied the other to the one: "No more am I—except perhaps in his early phase." It delighted me, made me feel very old, and, at the same time, made me blush in retrospect for the intellectual snobberies of my youth, when I am sure I made precisely the same type of remark. One of the effects of New Year's Eve is that after the customers have cured themselves the following day with a hair or two from the pack of hounds that worried them, there is a complete slump in the West End restaurant business. Generally speaking, there is already a slump in the West End. Partly this is due to Mr. Butler's deflation through the raising of the Bank Rate, through the instructions to the Bank of England, through the joint stock banks to restrict credit. Wherever I go, I meet long faces of gentlemen who have had letters from their hitherto accommodating bank managers about their overdraft. That is, of course, the trouble about bankers. As somebody admirably put it in the great slump of 1929–31: "A banker is one who presses two umbrellas on you when it is fine, and snatches them both away again when it is wet." How the Chancellor hopes really to alter our national economy by deflating the "working-worrying-and-school-fee-paying-classes" any further, while wages, the basic cause of inflation, continue to rise, must be best known to the brains-trusters of the Treasury. Meanwhile, bankers are in for an unpopular time.

Few of us, however, are likely to go so far as the brilliant, unorthodox economist of the early '30's. He brought his children up in the belief that they could use any of the mono- or duo-syllabic swear words, normally frowned upon. If, however, they went so far as to say to one of their little playmates: "You . . . you BANKER, you!", this was regarded in the family as the ultimate obscenity, to be punished by a whipping and being sent supperless to bed.

AT a time of financial stringency it does, however, behove people, particularly the wealthy, to pay their bills promptly to small concerns without vast capital resources. A restaurateur friend of mine consulted me in some perturbation as to what he should do about a young lady, prominent in society—a typical guardee's moll—who ordered an expensive supper party at which she was hostess to a very prominent personality. On such an occasion such vulgarities as the presentation of the bill naturally were avoided. Subsequent renderings of this sordid little commercial account were met with blank silence. What should "A" do? In any other case he would place the matter in the hands of his solicitors. If he does so, however, he runs the risk of losing a large section of clientèle which is important to him and his business. On the other hand, why should he continue to act as an issuing house to this wealthy young woman? In the event, however, he sent an amusing telegram which tickled the debtor into swift activity.

While on the subject of restaurants, some time ago I referred to two restaurants where I said you could get the best cooking in London, but refused to reveal their names. As a result of the urging of friends, however, I will now reveal the name of one of them. This is No. 17, Curzon Street, where the food, which is cooked by the proprietor, Mr. Bronson himself, is in the great tradition of those famous Paris restaurants Paillard, Voisin, and Foyot—now, alas, defunct, but which, if they existed to-day, would necessitate an entirely new category of stars in the excellent "Guide Michelin." Recently, in Paris, I encountered a new restaurant which was almost up to this fine standard—the "Table du Roy," where over the entrance to the restaurant are inscribed the words "*Le chef se nourrit de la cuisine.*" The chef is an enormous gentleman bursting out of his skin with good living, and a walking advertisement to the admirable nature of the kitchen. If I remember rightly, there is a further legend over the turning-spit which reads: "*On devient chef. On est né rotisseur.*" The question, of course, arises whether we in this country, after years of austerity ersatz materials, and accepting third or fourth best, are sufficiently civilised to appreciate really fine cooking. Mr. Bronson is gloomy. He thinks not. Indeed, I believe he intends to close his restaurant in the spring. I can only recommend those readers who still appreciate the high civilisation of the table to visit him soon, in case. They will find it a memorable experience. Only by struggling towards the *haute cuisine* can we avoid falling into the hell of British Railways' cooking.

IT is a pity, in a way, that Ireland, which flows with milk and honey, has so little good cooking, though abundant materials tend to cloak this. I spent a delightful few days there recently—though I maintained my reputation of being the human gremlin as far as aircraft are concerned.

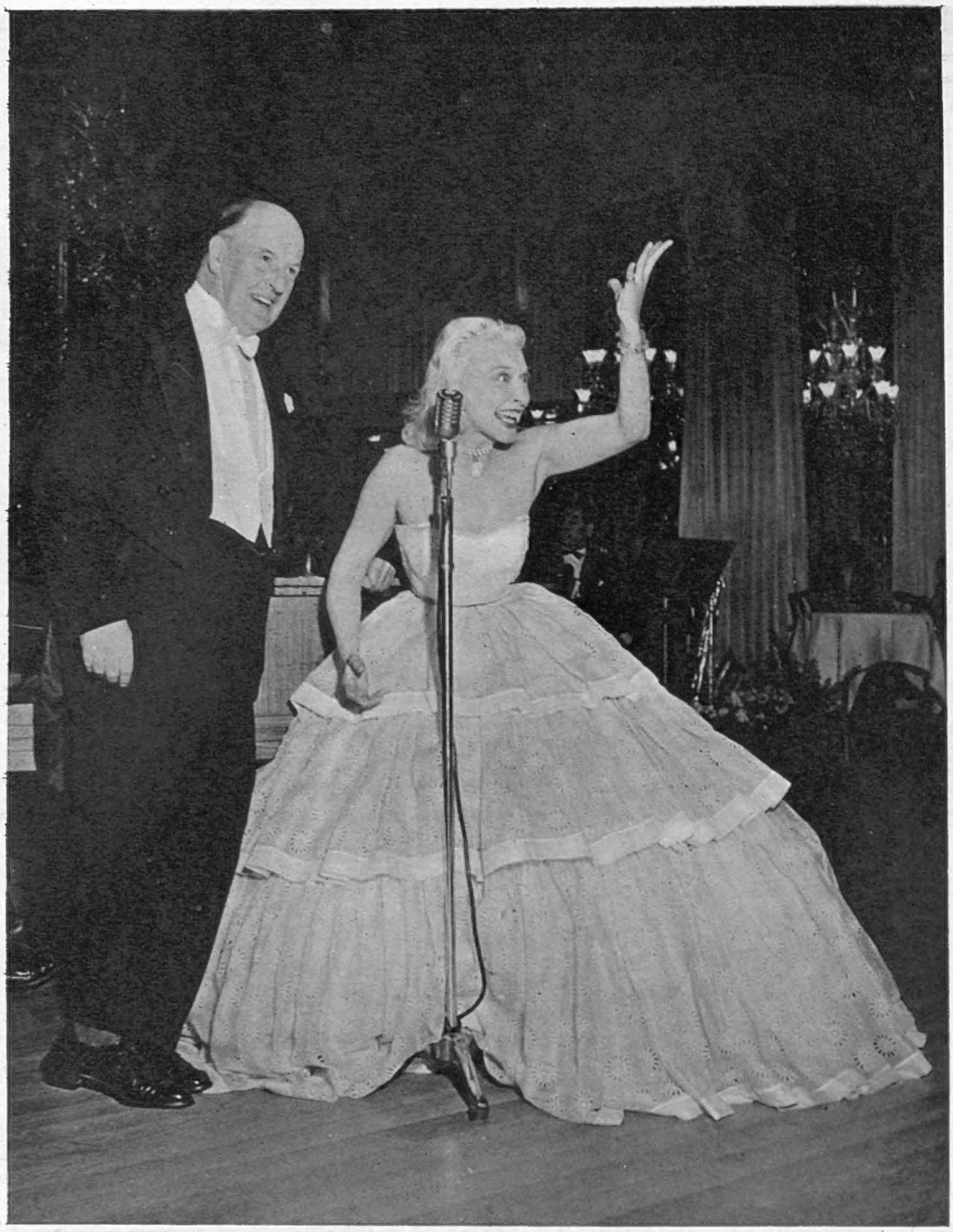
We took off from Northolt in the dark, flew for half an hour, after which suddenly all the electrical installations fused at once, including the cabin lights, navigation lights, cockpit lights and the radio. After an almost incredible number of unpleasant experiences in the air, I am not one to welcome unexplained aerial phenomena, and the steep angle at which we descended immediately afterwards pleased me not at all. I gathered later that the pilot, his radio gone, was getting down low as quickly as he could, in order to discover his whereabouts *vis-à-vis* the ground. We flew round Northolt for some ten minutes. I remember hoping that the fact that we had no navigation lights would not prevent other aircraft in the circuit avoiding us—assuming that the pilot was in touch with the control tower by radio. Had I known that his only means of communication was by Aldis lamp, I should have been even more disquieted. There was, however, one moment of comedy. When we finally landed and taxied up to the airport buildings, somebody opened the door and said: "Where are you from?" To which we were able to reply, with bitter jocularity: "Northolt!" My gremlin capacity, which was almost incredible as a passenger during the war, had thus even affected *Aer Lingus*, which is, I believe, the only air-line in the world never to have had a fatal accident. This particular manifestation of my gremlinism was, I was told by Captain "Bill" Scott, the head of *Aer Lingus* in Dublin, the only time in six years of operation that they have had anything of this sort.

What an admirably run country Eire is! It was once said that there was no country in the world where there were more regulations passed, more rigorously observed for a fortnight, and more completely forgotten afterwards. I was reminded of this when shooting woodcock in the west. The prohibition on shooting hen pheasants (unless a permit has been obtained), which applied formerly to certain counties in Ireland, has now been applied to the whole country. There were a vast number of hen pheasants apparent in this particular woodcock shoot, and my host told us that if there was a particularly high one with the gale under her tail, and we could reconcile it with our consciences, we might do our worst. As a result, consciences were reconciled to the extent of several hen pheasants. That was on the Friday. Early on the Saturday, the local civic guard sergeant sent a note round to my host, which ran as follows: "In order to make things decent, would you kindly consider signing the attached application form for the enclosed permit to shoot hen pheasants?" Now that is what I call a properly run country! His local intelligence service told him that we had been shooting hen pheasants, his knowledge of the district told him that there would not be the slightest harm in so doing, and he therefore decided to tidy up the situation.

Later on in my visit I met my old friend, Erskine Childers, the son of the author of *The Riddle of the Sands*—which still remains one of the finest thrillers ever written, and once again one of "Dev's" ministers. Some years ago, he very kindly drove my whole family right across Ireland to a house we had taken for the summer. In addition to being a charming host, an eloquent speaker, and a delightful companion, Erskine is a great expert on Irish history. As we crossed the frontier to County Limerick *en route* for my native County Clare, he pointed out at frequent intervals to my son Donough (then aged eight) the ruins of numerous castles, towers and other strongholds. My infant had not perhaps the taste for family history, which I hope he has now acquired, for when Erskine pointed out to him yet another ruined keep with the words: "And that, Donough, would also have belonged to your ancestors," he turned to me and remarked: "Daddy, didn't the O'Briens ever succeed in keeping a roof on anything?"—alas, a most pertinent query! A recent letter from this young gentleman just before his school broke up contained the following passage: "The feast took place on Saturday and was a great success we had a lovely time I was sick in prep. and got 81 (presumably marks) on it (presumably the prep.)."

"Just as I thought . . . butter side down."

ONE of the chores of being an M.P. is the necessity of taking constituents round the House of Commons during recesses and on Saturdays. Mr. David Gammans, the Assistant Postmaster-General, was taking a group of his Hornsey constituents round the House the other day. They got muddled up with the general public. He lost some of them and never saw them again. In exchange, however, some of the general public attached themselves to him. He was delighted to overhear one old lady say to another: "This one is much better than the other one. Do you think a shilling will be enough, my dear?"



At 1 a.m. Lord Brabazon sang a duet with Frances Day ; roping in the rest of the company later to join in "*It's DeLovely.*"

Pericles, one of the St. Bernards brought to the ball, posed with Colonel Hodgson and, l. to r. : Mrs. A. A. Duncan, Assistant Secretary of the Ball, Mrs. Russell Baskett, Miss Iris Quinn, and Miss Joan Schellenburg.

At the Cresta Ball

In the party of Lady Thomas, wife of the Q.M.G., General Sir Ivor Thomas, were, l. to r. : Mr. A. Lusk, Sir Edward Bolton, Lady Thomas, Major-General Phibbs, Mrs. Phibbs, Mrs. Steele, General Sir Ivor Thomas, Mrs. Cuthbert Stewart, Mr. Campbell, Mrs. Jack Farmer and Mr. Farmer.

Famous Cresta-rider Mr. John Crammond danced with his wife. She was on the Ball Committee.

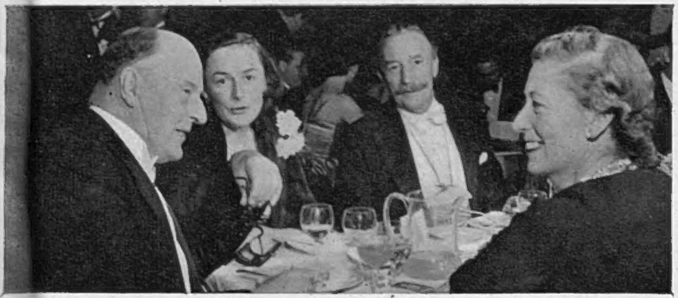
During a dance: Mrs. Colin Kingham and Mr. David Brown.

The Hon. Mrs. John Coventry danced with Mr. Jack Barclay.

The brilliant Cresta Ball at the Dorchester on December 19 had a special significance this year, for as Lord Brabazon, President of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club, pointed out in his Appeal on the programme, a "gracious Treasury has at last (and indeed it is very welcome) said that the proceeds of our annual dance may be transmitted to Switzerland . . . to build the run." Swiss friends too have nobly come forward with a contribution. Lord Grimthorpe, veteran Cresta-rider, and a Vice-President of the Club, writes that the Cresta Run is famous as the oldest, fastest and most exciting course for tobogganers. First built in 1885, it is made of beaten snow, flooded nightly, with a surface of hard ice. The course is 1320 yards long, 5 ft. wide except at the corners, which are banked up high. Riders go down solo, lying prone on an all-steel toboggan with a sliding seat. The record run is 56 7-10th secs. There are many races, and riders who have done well are proud to wear the well-known yellow and red Cresta colours awarded each year.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

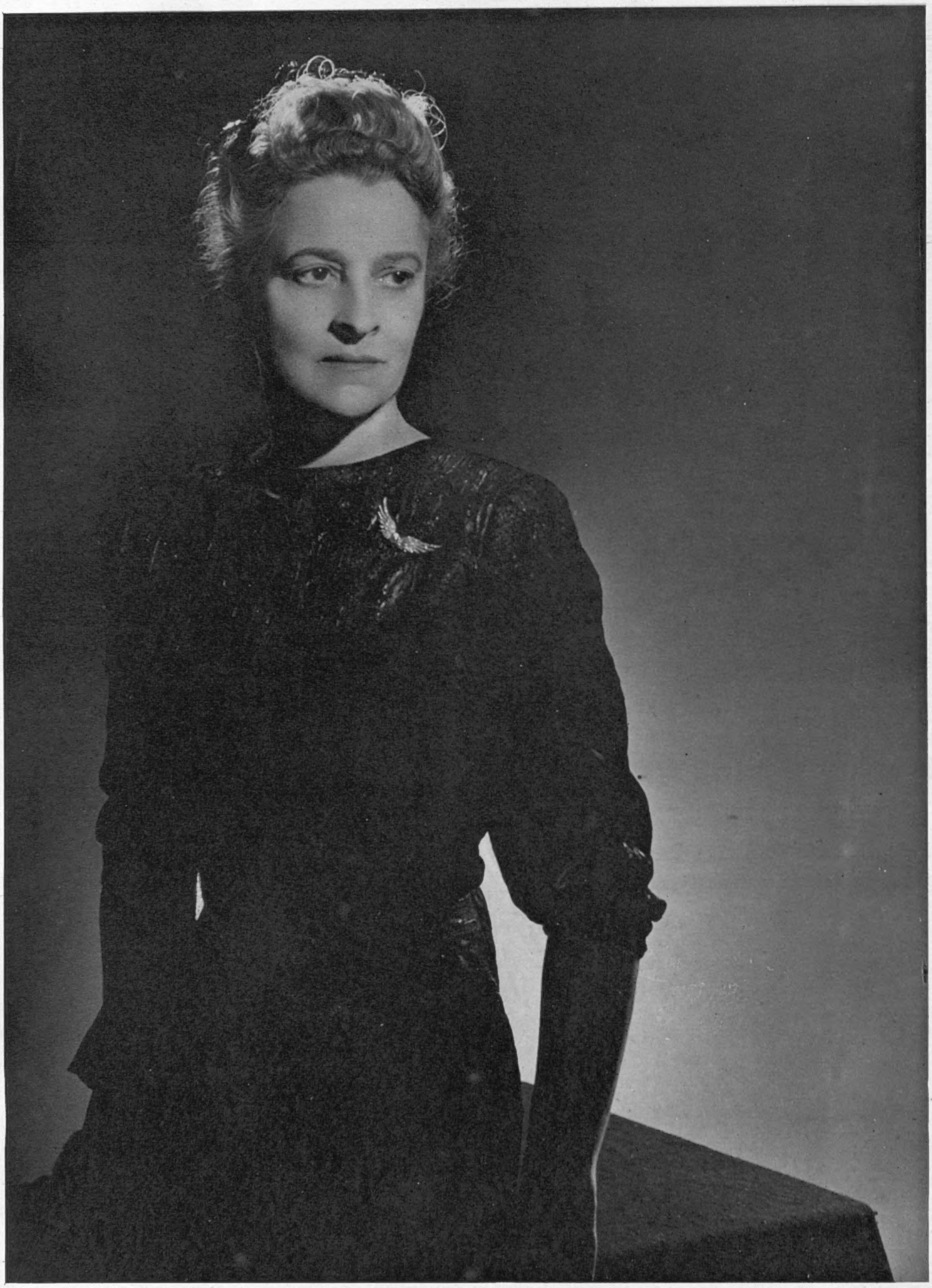
In splendid array was the list of prizes generously presented to help funds for the building of the Cresta Run. Gazing at it were, l. to r.: Miss Marion Broderick, Mr. Edward O'Farrell, Miss Patricia Beveridge.



At the table of the President of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club, the host, Lord Brabazon of Tara, Mrs. A. A. Duncan, and Colonel and Mrs. J. Craigie.

Captain the Hon. John Mitford listened to a story told by Mr. Miller. With a subtle smile Mrs. Miller watched his reactions.

Table 21 was in "Shuttlecock Corner"; sitting round it, l. to r., we found: Mrs. J. Turnbull, Mr. Carol Dugdale, the host, Mrs. Ronnie Gilbey, Mr. J. Turnbull, Miss Doris Jenks, and Mr. Ronnie Gilbey.



Photographed by Angus McBean.

MISS RUTH DRAPER, Hon. C.B.E.

Her unique ability to crowd an empty stage with vital ghosts of the imagination has brought world-wide fame to Miss Ruth Draper, whose achievements were crowned recently at Buckingham Palace when she was accorded the rare distinction of receiving from the hands of the King himself the medal of an honorary C.B.E. Her performances before Royalty go back as far as 1927, when she appeared at Windsor Castle for King George V. and Queen Mary.

Excerpts from our Social Diary

DEC. 10.—MILAN'S SCALA SEASON opened with Verdi's *Vespri Siciliani.* Among those who attended: the Prince of Monaco; Signorina Eliana de Sabata, daughter of Maestro Victor de Sabata.

DEC. 10.—AFTER THE CHRISTENING at St. Michael's, Chester Square, of Catriona, daughter of Lt.-Cdr. Ian Forbes and Lady Penelope Forbes, Lord and Lady Stradbroke's daughter. L. to r.: Lady Jean Wemyss, Admiral Sir Louis Hamilton, the mother, father and baby, and Miss Juanita Forbes.

DEC. 10.—FROM ROME to-day in the post comes this shot of Sir Herbert Broadley, Deputy-Director-General of Food and Agriculture Organisation of United Nations, with Ingrid Bergman, at the Ball on Dec. 1, in aid of Italy's flood-victims.

DEC. 11.—AT DAVOS women skiers chosen by the Ski Club of Great Britain for the Winter Olympics, British team, are hard at it, training. They feel swell, show astonishing form. L. to r.: Fiona Campbell, Hilary Laing, Max Bertsch, their Swiss trainer, and Adeline Pryor.

DEC. 12.—FIRST LORD of the Admiralty Mr. J. P. L. Thomas held reception at Admiralty House to meet foreign Naval V.I.P.s. *Left:* Lady Dorothy Head chatted to (*centre*) Rear-Admiral R. Blanchard, French Naval Attaché, and Capt. the Hon. Richard Stanley, P.P.S. to Parliamentary Secretary and Civil Lord of the Admiralty. *Right:* L. to r.: Capt. B. F. Termanius, Swedish Naval Attaché and doyen of Naval Attachés in England; Mr. Thomas, the First Lord, and Rear-Admiral W. A. Davis, his Naval Secretary.

[Continued overleaf.

Excerpts from our Social Diary

DEC. 12.—ROYAL CORINTHIAN Y.C. held annual dinner-dance at the Savoy, presided over by Commodore Mr. F. G. Mitchell. On *left* the principal guest Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt admired sea-shanty singing over the mike by well-known yachting personality of Cowes, I.O.W.—Mr. Uffa Fox. *Right:* Lt.-Cdr. D. A. Clark's party included Mr. Seymour Wright, Mrs. Woolley, Mrs. Seymour Wright, Miss Bud Brammon and Mr. Woolley.

DEC. 12.—ANDREW THESIGER, Lord Chelmsford, played own music for *Puss-in-Boots Ballet* to members of Bellairs Ballet Company (Guildford). L. to r.: Antonia Rumsby, Marie Hayes, Jan Lauski, Lord Chelmsford, Eileen Bennett, Margretta Tate.

DEC. 13.—SOUTH AFRICAN BRIDE Miss Sally Stratford, daughter of Mr. Robin Stratford, K.C., and Mrs. Stratford, of Cape Town, S.A., married Mr. Colin Fyfe-Jameson, of Bury St. Edmunds, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone were present.

DEC. 14.—IN PARIS Lord Swaythling's son and heir, the Hon. David Montagu, married Mlle. Ninette Dreyfus, daughter of M. and Mme. Edgar Dreyfus, of 5 rue de Chaillot, Paris, 16e.

DEC. 15.—THEY WORE PAPER CAPS at the Liaison Club, Piccadilly, when members of the Cossor company were entertained at private dinner-party by Mr. F. J. Dellar. *Left:* Mr. W. J. Shepherd studied the menu with Mrs. J. Roddy, wife of the East Coast representative. *Right:* The host, Mr. Dellar, had Mrs. L. W. Gaze, wife of Chief Production Engineer, on his right.

DEC. 15.—AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT, Smithfield, Mr. Michael Shaw Stewart, son of Mrs. Shaw Stewart, of Traigh, Arisaig, Inverness-shire, married Miss Grizel M. L. Stewart, daughter of Mrs. Stewart, of Arndean, Dollar, Clackmannanshire.

DEC. 15.—A LACE MANTILLA was worn by Miss Annabel Cynthia Edkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Edkins, when she married Mr. M. C. A. Large (Nigeria's Administrative Service), son of Mr. and Mrs. Large, of Northaw, Herts.

DEC. 17.—IN THE QUEEN'S CHAPEL attached to Marlborough House, the Hon. Sarah Churchill, daughter of the late Lord Churchill, and of Lady Oliphant, and stepdaughter of Sir Lancelot Oliphant, of 6, Cumberland Mansions, George Street, W.1, married Mr. Richard Palmer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Palmer, of Hurst Grove, near Reading. The bride—a goddaughter of King George V.—wore white tulle; her veil held in place by diamond tiara. *Right:* Her little attendants were Xenia Howard-Johnston, Davina Chetwode and Reginald Sheffield.

DEC. 18.—MAJOR LORD SEYMOUR, The Wiltshire Regiment, only son of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, of Maiden Bradley, Warminster, Wilts., married Miss Jane Thomas, daughter of the late Major J. C. C. Thomas, and of Mrs. Thomas, of Burn Cottage, Bude, Cornwall. For the honeymoon: Switzerland.

DEC. 18.—PANTO PREVIEW. At the London Casino a preview of *Aladdin* in aid of the King George's Fund for Sailors was attended by Lord and Lady Mountbatten. They were immensely amused by the elegant angular Widow Twankey (Nat Jackley), who gave Lady Mountbatten a sweeping curtsey, and a taste of his wit.

DEC. 18.—RACING MOTORIST Prince Birabongse of Siam married Miss Celia Howard, of Buenos Aires, in a Buddhist ceremony at the Siamese Embassy, Paris. Pet Scottie barked; was removed, but returned for reception.

Excerpts from our Social Diary

DEC. 20.—AT ST. MARGARET'S Westminster, Capt. A. N. K. Chiesman, son of Lt.-Col. R. K. Chiesman, of Camberley, Surrey, married Miss Ann Talbot, daughter of Major and Mrs. Talbot, Carlbury Hall, Piercebridge.

DEC. 21.—OFF TO SANDRINGHAM to spend Christmas with the King and Queen in largest Royal Christmas party since the war were Princess Elizabeth with Prince Charles and Princess Anne, seen leaving Clarence House for King's Cross Station. *Right:* The Duke of Kent, Prince Michael, and Princess Alexandra—whose fifteenth birthday fell on Christmas Day—left Liverpool Street Station. Their Majesties with Princess Margaret travelled from Buckingham Palace.

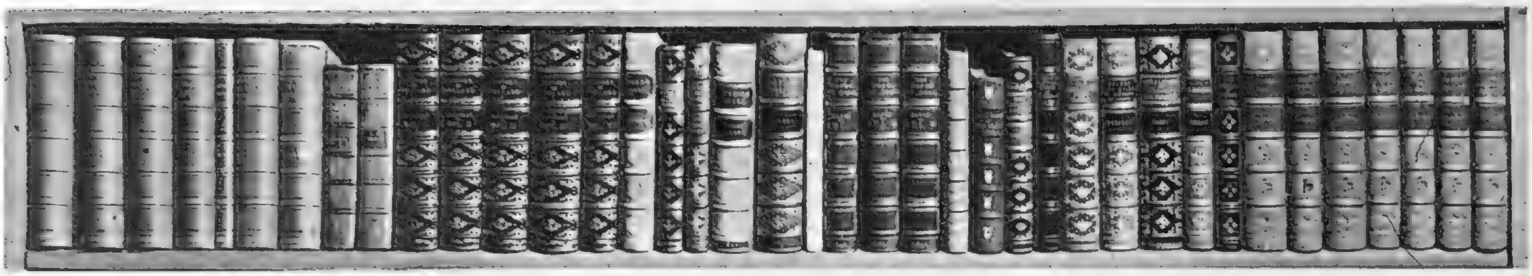
DEC. 22.—PUCKERIDGE HUNT JUNIOR BALL held at Shire Hall, Hertford, where 270 guests danced to Stirling Aires' band from Cambridge. L. to r.: Mrs. Piers Plowden, Miss Philippa Plowden, Col. Piers Plowden, Capt. C. G. E. Barclay, a Joint Master.

DEC. 22.—FITZWILLIAM HUNT meet was held at Barnwell Castle, seat of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. In picture their two sons, Prince Richard and Prince William of Gloucester on their ponies, with their riding master William Horne.

Photographed by Harlip.

A SON FOR LADY KEYES

To Lord and Lady Keyes on December 8 was born a son and heir—the Hon. Charles William Keyes. Lady Keyes, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel William Packe, D.S.O., served during the war in the V.A.D. (Royal Navy), while her husband, the second baron, son of the late Admiral of the Fleet Lord Keyes of Zeebrugge and Dover, served in the Royal Navy. They were married in 1947, and their daughter, the Hon. Virginia Clementine, was born in 1950.



OUR BOOKSHELF

Some Books on Good Living

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

IT has always been a matter of note to the world at large, sometimes amused, sometimes apprehensive, that under adversity, the English behave in the oddest way. But I do not think that even the most quick-witted foreigner with the keenest perceptions about us would have guessed that in these post-war years our food shortages would awaken an interest in good cooking unprecedented since the eighteenth century; that barbarous taxation of liquor would lead us to a larger and at the same time more discriminating consumption of wine than before the war; and that the ruinous price of flowers would yet produce a florists' boom, as it certainly has done. The less we have, the more we want to make of it, which is natural enough. But what is surprising is that taste and artistry in these things, once the prerogative of the few, are becoming almost universal.

An illustration from Constance Spry's *Winter and Spring Flowers.*

Flower-decoration (I stick at the hybrid "floristry") has never been more popular. The late Gertrude Jekyll was a pioneer of new effects and methods, but Miss Constance Spry has developed them further. A new book from her, *Winter and Spring Flowers* (Dent; 25s.), is a companion volume to her excellent *Summer and Autumn Flowers* and completes a difficult task. The thirty-six photographs, twenty-four of them in colour, are so full of interest and suggestion that they alone could keep the amateur busy till May, but the text is first-rate, without gush or whimsy, but full of originality. Miss Joy Fleming, who was a pupil of Miss Spry's, has written two books on various aspects of this subject, *Floristry and Flower Arranging* (World's Work; 21s.) and *Flowers for the Occasion* (World's Work; 25s.). In these, she not only shows some very beautiful arrangements of her own, but gives detailed instructions, illustrated with diagrams, of how to make up various special bouquets, sprays, wreaths and table decorations. Her suggestions are always practical and within the compass of enthusiasts without special facilities.

SO to the topical and always delightful subject of good food. Foremost here is a reprint of that quite invaluable book *Good Things in England*, edited by Florence White (Cape; 10s. 6d.). The very title will seem a paradox to readers who suppose that, because our public catering is iniquitous, our domestic cookery is always and everywhere poor, but this collection of thousands of traditional and regional recipes, some dating from the fourteenth century but all suitable for the modern cook, will answer the most sceptical. The emphasis is admittedly on pies and puddings, cakes and jams, but there is an excellent chapter on "The Roast Meat of Old England," which is a wistful reminder that this book, which has run through eight editions, was first published in 1932. "If your joint be large and your family small," begins Miss White, and it takes the reader a few seconds to realise that she has not misplaced her adjectives.

Miss Elizabeth David, in *French Country Cooking* (Lehmann; 12s. 6d.), has an easier task, for, as she says, "those who care to look for it will find the justification of France's culinary reputation in the provinces, at the riverside inns, in unknown cafés along the banks of the Burgundy canal, patronised by the men who sail the great timber barges to and from Marseilles, in the hospital farmhouses of the Loire and Dordogne, of Normandy and Auvergne, in seaport bistros frequented by fishermen, sailors, ship-chandlers and port officials." Miss David is wise and instructive on marinade, wine in the kitchen, on cooking-pots and gadgets, and her recipes are masterfully well-chosen. She is less assured when she writes of herbs, saying, for instance, that sorrel is not often seen in England. Her recipes for cooking freshwater fish are splendid, and she gives most of their regional origins. She has no less than seven ways of making a main course of stuffed cabbage, and these alone, to a cook in winter, are worth the price of her book. She gives, too, a valuable London shopping guide for unusual commodities.

MR. H. WARNER ALLEN'S *Natural Red Wines* (Constable; 18s.) is based on his earlier *The Wines of France* and *The Romance of Wine*, which have been out of print for many years. The author modestly hopes that it will "correct some of the many mistakes contained in the earlier works." In matters technical and historical, this book could scarcely be better, but Mr. Allen has the almost religiously reverent manner of so many writers on this subject, the hushed and hallowed voice which suggests that drinking a good wine is a sort of sentimental ceremony, a romantic oblation. Mr. André Simon has made another collection of *Wines of the World* (Barrie; 25s.) to supplement his previous set of small volumes. It consists of eight little booklets devoted to the wines of the Rhône, the Loire, Italy, Switzerland, Madeira, Yugoslavia and California, with one on brandy. My heart goes out to him for a sentence in this last booklet dealing with the idiocy of the balloon glass: "It is only when a *nouveau riche* must have 'the best' that there is any justification for bringing forth a footed aquarium, without water and goldfish, of course, and making it hot over a spirit-lamp flame, before pouring in it a few drops of a priceless centenarian brandy, which will lose most of its bouquet the moment it comes into contact with the heated glass."

Two other books on drink demand respect and attention. *Scotch*, by Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart (Putnam; 15s.), says everything on a most happy subject. It tells the story of whisky from "the mists of Celtic dawn" to its present humiliations as a dollar-earning export. He remembers names and men like Dewar, Buchanan, Walker, Haig and describes some of the tragedies of wartime. A rich and readable book. *The Complete Book of Drink*, by T. E. Carling (Practical Press; 18s.), is a comprehensive guide to buying, storing, service and selling of all alcoholic liquors. It is full of accurate and useful information which will interest the amateur as much as the wine-merchant or publican.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE SLEEPING DRAUGHT.
By Herbert Adams. (*Macdonald*; *9s. 6d.*)

"The two men sat together at breakfast," opens Mr. Adams, and one is reminded then and thereafter in this ingenious, unhurried and satisfying detective novel, of two other men who so often sat together at breakfast, waiting for the client who would ring the bell of 221b, Baker Street. They are not, as it happens, detective and chronicler, but there is something spacious about this author's way of telling a story, of puzzling and sometimes amusing his reader, of winding up with the detective's pronouncement that his solution turns on a very simple legal maxim, something which inevitably recalls the still-unchallenged master of all detective writers. A big asterisk against this book on the crime-reader's library list.

THE HOUSE IN GREY PERIL.
By Jeffrey Truby. (*Skeffington*; *9s. 6d.*)

Crime here, too, but this is of the other school, fast-moving, violent at times, and with a strong love interest. A good book of its kind.

ON SAILING THE SEA.
By Hilaire Belloc. (*Hart-Davis*; *10s. 6d.*)

This is a reprint in the excellent Mariners' Library of an anthology, made first in 1939 by W. N. Roughead, of Mr. Belloc's writings about the sea and ships.

IVOR. By W. Macqueen-Pope. (*Allen*; *22s. 6d.*)

A voluminous, much-illustrated biography tracing the story of Ivor Novello from his birth in Cardiff in 1893 to his untimely death last March, with additional chapters of fan letters and appreciations.

INTRODUCING LINDY LOO . . . .

By Grace Wheatley, A.R.W.S.

"I first appeared on the Christmas Tree. My next public appearance will be in THE SKETCH on January 16th."

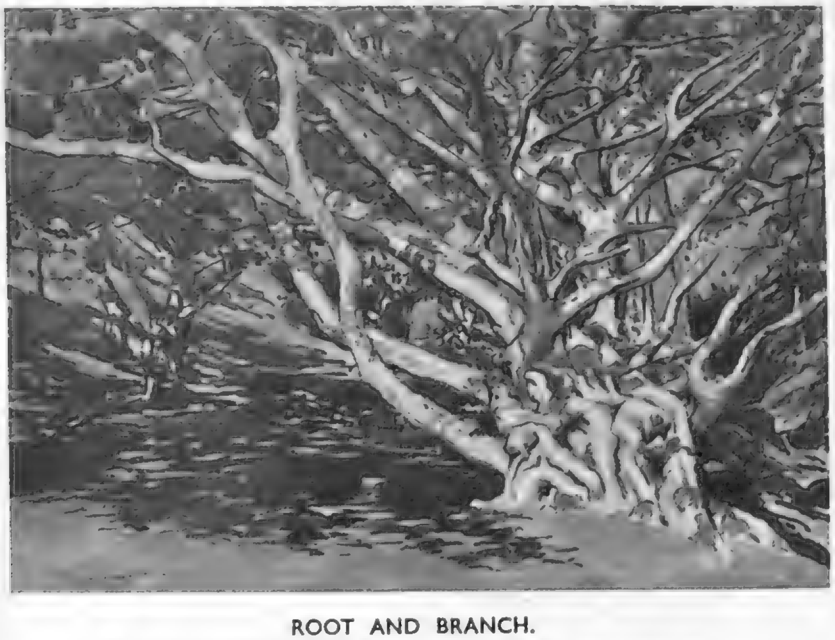
NIGHT WIND.
By Fus. Christopher Berkeley Hill. Water-colour.

DAWN AT THE ITALIAN FRONTIER: VIEW FROM PROMENADE, MENTON.
By Surgeon Captain Henry Hunt, R.N. Water-colour.

ART OF THE SOLDIER, SAILOR, AND AIRMAN, TOO

CAROLE, by Lieut. MacDonald Bruce. Oils.

STREET SCENE.
By Wing-Commander A. F. Binks, R.A.F. Oils.



ROOT AND BRANCH.
By Lieut.-Colonel C. G. Borrowman, R.W.S. Water-colour.

THE OLD HEDGE.
By Controller A.T.S. (retd.) M. Kingston Walker. Water-colour.

WINSTON CHURCHILL LEAVING EL ALOUIMA, TUNISIA, FOR MARRAKESH, AFTER HIS ILLNESS.
By Marshal of the R.A.F. The Lord Tedder. Pastel.

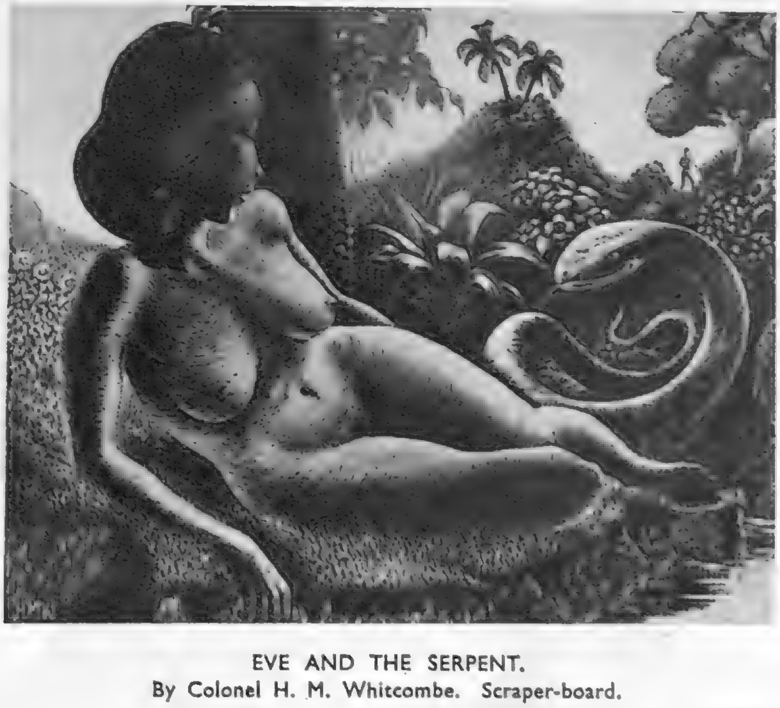
MY FATHER, W. A. OLDFIELD, J.P.
By Major J. B. Oldfield. Oils.

In his global travels the fighting man of any Force, any rank, discovers beautiful and interesting sights which impel him to make a record in brush, pencil or other medium. His art, whether escapist or from natural inclination, is carried out often with vigour, inspiration and skill ; and —as F.M. Sir Claude Auchinleck, himself a painter of landscape, noted—he chooses non-military subjects. Here he lets himself go ; gets release from stereotyped routine. Lord Tedder often travels with a pocketful of crayons for spare-time use. These pages show a few of the works on view at the recent show of the Army Art Society, which included all Forces, and which was opened by the P.R.A., Sir Gerald Kelly, at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington.

SNOW IN BEAUFORT GARDENS,
By Colonel W. G. Elphinston.
Water-colour.

MISS PAT LILLIES, by Lieut. Thomas Baines. Oils.

MARSAMXETT, MALTA.
By Lieut.-Commander C. H. Knollys, R.N. Water-colour.



EVE AND THE SERPENT.
By Colonel H. M. Whitcombe. Scraper-board.

In a scene from *South Pacific*, the American musical play at Drury Lane, Mary Martin (on the right), as Nellie Forbush, the nurse who "washes that man right outa my hair" in the year's liveliest song, is talking to the drawling comedian, Ray Walston, with Billy Nagy on his left.

Waters of the Moon (Haymarket), a moving play of a Dartmoor guest-house, contains some of the year's best acting. Here the visitor, Dame Edith Evans (left), says good-bye to permanent guest Dame Sybil Thorndike.

The four Colonels of Peter Ustinov's invention, *The Love of Four Colonels* (Wyndham's), gaze at the Sleeping Beauty in the German castle. From the left: Alan Gifford (American), Colin Gordon (English), Theodore Bikel (Russian), Eugene Deckers (French). Moira Lister is Beauty; Peter Ustinov as the Bad Fairy looks on.

The scene is Marshwood House in Kent, and the charact
L. to r.: Ralph Michael, Judy Campbell, Renee Hill, Ang
on sofa), Richard Leech, Charles Culi

Richard the Second, at Stratford-upon-Avon, was one of the memorable Shakespearean productions of 1951. In the centre of this picture are Heather Stannard (the Queen) and Michael Redgrave in his portrait of Richard, King with a poet's mind, the weakling who rises only when he loses the throne.

THEATRE ME

The Festival year, 1951, in the British theatre proved to be happiest in its acting. Classical revivals brought several fine performances; and I saw nothing better than the Antony of Sir Laurence Olivier and the Cleopatra of Vivien Leigh. The Old Vic reopened with the "high astounding terms" of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* (Donald Wolfit as the conqueror), and Stratford-upon-Avon Festival was governed by Michael Redgrave as Richard the Second, glittering in pride, touching in defeat.

Jack Hulbert shows with pride his kit of burglar's tools to Rona Anderson. A scene from Ian Hay and L. du Garde Peach's comedy, *The White Sheep of the Family* (Piccadilly), in which a respectable Hampstead man—actually the best burglar of his time—tries to prevent his forger-son from going "straight."

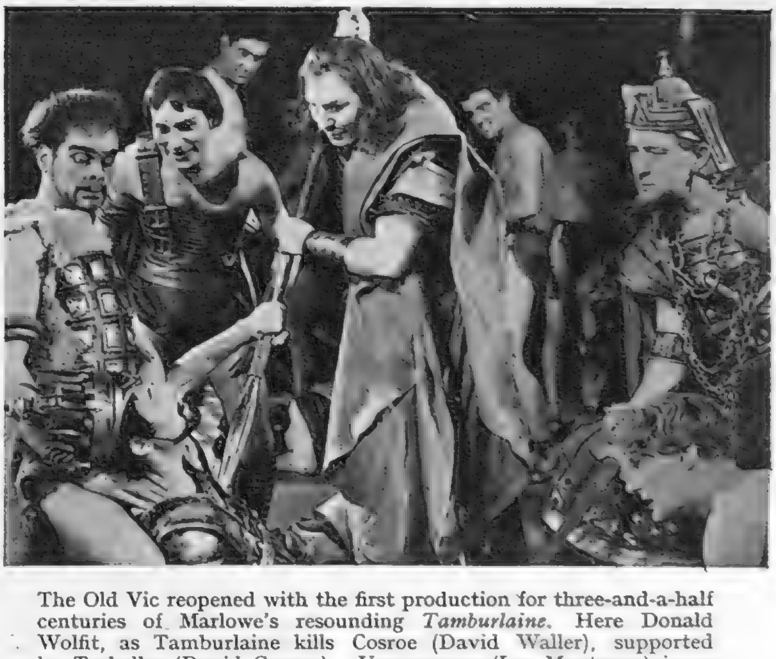
The major production of 1951: *Antony and Cleopatra* at the St. James's. Cleopatra (Vivien Leigh) between her maids, Charmian (Maxine Audley) and Iras (Jill Bennett) watch Antony (Laurence Olivier) seizing the kneeling Thidias (Edmund Purdom).

are those of Noël Coward's comedy, *Relative Values* (Savoy). Baddeley, Simon Lack, Gladys Cooper (the Dowager Countess, , Dorothy Batley, and Hugh McDermott.

In Sylvia Rayman's strong melodrama, *Women of Twilight* (Vaudeville), Rosie, the factory girl, accuses the unspeakable Mrs. Allistair of wilfully neglecting children entrusted to her care. L. to r.: Joslin Parlane, Miriam Karlin, Maureen Glynne, Barbara Couper (as Mrs. Allistair), Maria Charles (as Rosie).

ORIES OF 1951

Among new plays we had *Waters of the Moon*, with Sybil Thorndike's beautiful restraint; the hard-driving drama, *Women of Twilight*; Ustinov's fantasy, *The Love of Four Colonels*; a farcical comedy, *The White Sheep of the Family* (Jack Hulbert in his first straight part), and Noël Coward's return to light comedy in *Relative Values*. Another popular American musical play, *South Pacific*, has chartered the great stage of Drury Lane for a long time to come. J. C. T.



The Old Vic reopened with the first production for three-and-a-half centuries of Marlowe's resounding *Tamburlaine*. Here Donald Wolfit, as Tamburlaine kills Cosroe (David Waller), supported by Techelles (David Greene). Usumcasane (Lee Montague) is on Wolfit's left, and Theridamas (Reginald Tate) on his right.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

Left:

GODFREY PHILIPP, for being, like a true Elizabethan boy player, a strikingly realistic "Jessica."

When the boys of Sloane School, Chelsea, act a Shakespeare play, year by year, under their headmaster (Guy Boas), we have an idea of the emotion Shakespeare's first audiences felt when they watched the Elizabethan boy players. In this picture, from the recent production of *The Merchant of Venice*, are J. H. Binfield (Lorenzo) and G. Philipp (Jessica). The boy Jessica (fifteen last August), who gave a remarkably sustained performance in speech, gesture, and movement, has won the admiration of expert observers.

Right:

M. SERGE LIFAR, for taking a table-top view of ballet.

In Paris two dancers working together have devised a strange new ballet shown for the first time at a Foreign Press gala performance on December 4 at the Theatre of the Champs-Elysées. They are Serge Lifar, ballet director of the Paris Opera, and Katherine Dunham. Lifar, in suède walking shoes and rolled-down socks and sombrero, rehearses with Katherine, who wears a towel round her head, a ribbon round her throat, and her skirt looped up to reveal woolly tights.

Photographed by Angus McBean.

THE CALIFORNIAN
BILLY BUDD

American baritone Theodor Uppman plays the victimised Billy of Benjamin Britten's triumphantly successful new opera, *Billy Budd*, at Covent Garden. His voice is as fine as his physique, and his rendering of the part both brave and tender. Britten's fifth opera was played for the first time on December 1, and some of the music and atmosphere are in his best vein. Based on Herman Melville's well-known story, with libretto felicitously written by H. M. Forster and Eric Crozier, scenery and costumes by John Piper, this operatic presentment of eighteenth-century life in the Royal Navy, soon after the Mutiny of the Nore, took its audience by storm.

L. to r. : Lady Katherine Dawnay, Captain Stourton, Major Beckett, General Dawnay, Commandant of Sandhurst.

In the balcony, l. to r. : Miss Lindy Evans, Mr. Dennys White, Miss Shirley Ann Pobjoy, Mr. Michael Kingham.

AT THE SANDHURST BEAGLES BALL

The Sandhurst Beagles Ball, held in the beflagged gymnasium of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey, was very well attended. Guests had a splendid evening, dancing to the R.M.C. dance band and also to Bill Savill and his orchestra, and reels were included in the programme, adding a wild gaiety to proceedings. Two bottles of champagne presented by the Commandant, General Dawnay, were the prize won by 2/Lieut. Brookes-Ward—huntsman, the Aldershot Beagles—in the horn-blowing contest.

Clockwise : Miss Katherine Lunham, Sen. Cdt. S. Plomer (second whip), Miss Sally Bazeley-Green, Mr. W. Whamond (first whip), Mrs. Josephine Hatcher, Major D. R. Horsfield (Army Ski-ing champion), Sen. V/Officer A. N. Tippett, and Mr. Jack Cox (kennel huntsman).

L. to r. : Mr. J. R. Bamfield, Miss Jennifer Mossley, Sen. Cdt. P. Upton (first whip, Stevenstone Foxhounds, Devon), Miss Heather Kedle, Mr. J. R. Brice (huntsman), Miss Morwenna Booth, Mr. T. Cooper, Miss Joan Lang.

Captain Peter Spencer told Mrs. Ian Fraser a funny story during the course of the excellent supper.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

IBSEN'S *Lyric* GHOSTS

The table-lamp in the middle of this picture is to Scandinavian plays what the samovar is to plays from the Russian. You are right, then, in assuming that this is a Norwegian revival—but with a difference. It is, indeed, Ibsen's *Ghosts*. And it is not improbable that the old man's angry ghost stands raving but impotent in the wings, night by night, as *The Lyric Revue* company, at the Globe, matches Arthur Macrae's lyrics to Donald Swann's tunes. He is being shown what can be done with a classical drama when set to music. And in this picture from the revue, which has just passed its 250th performance, the Ibsen Boys and Girls are at the back, with, in front, reading from left to right—and looking helpless about it—the Maid (Hilary Allen), Mrs. A.'s son (Graham Payn), Pastor M. (George Benson), and Mrs. A. (Irlin Hall)

DOGS—AND

It is always difficult to define the peculiar personal characters of animals in relation to their human companions, so we made a point of visiting, in search of the answers, a few of the people we know whose love for dogs, though an important part of their lives, is, perhaps, less well known than their characteristics in other spheres.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Tom Weedon.

DISRAELI, like his famous Victorian namesake, is very much a ladies' man. A year ago Sir Jocelyn Lucas, owner of a famous pack of hunting Sealyhams, presented him as a puppy to Beverley Baxter, dramatic critic, author and M.P., whose débutante daughter Meribah has since claimed the young Sealyham who now obeys and follows her more than his rightful owner. *Dizzy* (or sometimes *Dis-Dis*) is an energetic little dog, a Tory and a good-looker. His white coat and caramel-coloured ears were newly brushed and scrubbed for our cameraman. The blackberry nose glistened with good health. He is naturally talented and plays the piano with alacrity, although he finds melodies difficult and generally sticks to wild modernistic pieces. He is a friendly dog and all visitors are welcome. A burglar would find him willing and eager to hold the lamp while he robbed the safe.

SNOWDROP is jet-black. Claude Hulbert, comedian of stage, screen and radio, christened him so because of a small white patch on his chest which might otherwise have been forgotten. This great bouncing Alsatian, an eager, brown-eyed six-year-old, has none of the characteristics attributed to the shy and nodding flower—except perhaps that both are wild. We caught Claude in his workshop among his paint-pots, with *Snowy*, the wild-boy, giving what help he could. His quarters were smudged with distemper, and his vicious-looking jaws worried an important chunk of wood. With howls enough to rouse the neighbourhood, he sprang down the garden to land four-square on the wet cement of a newly-laid path. Claude remained strangely calm. *Snowy* does not fit easily into a confined space. He needs firesides which are not completely blocked out when he squats in front of them; open spaces in which to gnaw bones without fear of rocking a standard lamp. But he does his best. By using his hind-legs as a cushion for his jowl, he can lie coiled in a comparatively restricted area.

THOMAS, a floppy, sentimental mass of black and white Cocker spaniel, is owned by actor-producer John Gielgud, who describes him as "rather tiresome and very spoilt." He was bought last year at Stratford and named after the Thomas Mendip in Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not for Burning*, the part John Gielgud was then playing. Much of this spaniel's time and energy is devoted to rooting-out of the mat of his person the prickly foreign bodies that adhere to it during the course of a walk. After this exacting duty he is inclined just to sit back and allow his particular humans to get on with the job of ministering to him. He has "potty moments," we are told. Recently after a champagne party in Mr. Gielgud's exquisitely furnished house in Cowley Street, Westminster, the straw from the champagne crates was trailed from the basement up several flights to a top-storey room where he was then able to make his own private nest. His I.Q. is rather low, but his temperament is lovable although, like most spaniels, inclined to obstinacy.

THEIR PEOPLE

MISS DACH was feeling lethargic on the day we photographed her. American-born actor Walter Crisham, whose drawl is well known to television viewers, collected both ends of her into his arms, and tried to look happy enough for two. His podgy, blackish, roly-poly dachshund wears a splendid jewelled collar studded with emeralds as big as those on the King's crown. Four years ago, *Miss Dach*, then a mere handful of puppy, arrived as a present from singer Lizbeth Webb. She prefers the company of adults. She is not the sort for a rough-and-tumble with children—in fact, we must record regretfully—that under such circumstances she sulks. *Miss Dach's* particular form of sport is swimming. She is to be seen regularly in Hyde Park's Serpentine, paddling along in a contented sort of way.

PLUTO, a great big affectionate tyke with muscle development which must be seen and felt to be believed, belongs to cookery expert and journalist Elizabeth Craig. In private life she is Mrs. Arthur E. Mann, her husband is an American War Correspondent and broadcaster, and in their Hampstead home *Pluto*, seven cats and *Joey* the thirty-three-year-old tortoise, take up much of their time. Miss Craig blandly states she would enjoy keeping a zoo! Her four-year-old Boxer, the most handsome in Hampstead according to the local vet., is red fawn in colour with a black mask. His massive frame requires 20 lb. of horseflesh each week—supplemented by chocolate Swiss roll and tit-bits from the breakfast tray. He is interested in the domestic cats, likes to boss them, but gives a wide berth to the cat in the street. He is a great jumper, and a terrifying watch-dog.

BROTHER could be mistaken for a small and woolly rug. This shaggy little dog with a teddy-bear face and platinum blonde astrakhan curls, was bought long before miniature poodles became fashionable. Miss Tennyson Jesse, novelist and criminologist, spotted an advertisement. "For Sale—silver POODLE bitch. 40 gns. . . ." and in smaller type, ". . . also brother." *Brother* was eventually purchased for a much more modest sum than his sister, for he has no tail! Nevertheless, he possesses a beautiful pedigree and never seems to notice anything is missing.

TINA is a brindled Boxer bitch belonging to Basil Dean, theatrical producer and founder of E.N.S.A. She is an excitable two-year-old, sagacious of eye, determined of chin, always anxious to be coming or going. She exercises herself chasing the neighbours' cats, and, judging from the look of her lithe body, her sleek and silky coat, local feline inhabitants lead disturbed lives. She has a liking for cream crackers, but is allowed only a limited quantity—it would be shameful to ruin such a figure. *Tina* is certainly popular with humans, if not with cats. Her seductive gait holds the stage and commands attention with all her exits and entrances.

AT THE THEATRE . .

★ First Choice ★

THE DAY'S MISCHIEF

(Duke of York's)

ALL the way home, on the night of Lesley Storm's play, I was cheerfully knocking holes in it and deciding that it was improbable to the point of absurdity. But next morning, at the breakfast-table, the play and its acting were still vivid in memory, down to minor phrases and intonations; and I regretted my lack of generosity to an author who had held the theatre for two hours and a half. The piece raises an old question. Should a dramatist who has kept us, unquestioning, during performance, be condemned harshly for faults that are not apparent until the curtain is down?

At the Duke of York's première I doubted certain incidents in the plot—particularly the details of a young girl's disappearance—but they did not seriously affect my enjoyment. What did worry me, and I would question Miss Storm on this alone, was the too stilted, too ornate dialogue, the bookish flavour given to passages that needed simple, direct speech. Pinero's use of the rounded phrase does not jar, because he was writing for his period. Miss Storm, a dramatist in a more colloquial, slipshod world, worries the ear by dialogue that is over-shaped, too carefully moulded. Again, how ungenerous! Hastily, let us leave it there.

I don't want to say too much about the plot of *The Day's Mischief* because Miss Storm should be allowed to explode her own mines in your presence. But I can say at least that the scene is a small provincial town; that an adolescent schoolgirl is receiving lessons from a Latin master on whom she has a "crush"; that the man's wife charges the girl spitefully; and that she disappears. Since the piece owes so much to its author's feeling for suspense, I cannot add more except to say that the girl is the daughter of a journalist—very well observed—and that her aunt, frustrated in youth, has a warped and trying imagination.

There is no need, for a split second, to be ungenerous about the acting. Walter Fitzgerald persuades from the first as the journalist-father to whom this kind of disappearance had always been a newspaper-story. Muriel Pavlow does not force her two scenes as the troubled girl; and Ian Hunter and Catherine Lacey, the schoolmaster and his wife, can each spring the imagination. Beatrix Lehmann remains: her part is a terror, but our most determined actress gets away with it by sheer force of will. Hers is a strong performance, even though it is by no means pleasant to watch in the theatre. Of such stuff as this nightmares are made.

"THE DAY'S MISCHIEF."

Above: *Beatrix Lehmann as Aunt Evelyn and Muriel Pavlow as Laura Vining.*

Above, right: *Marjorie Manning as Mrs. Usher, Catherine Lacey as Grace Barlow, and Ian Hunter as Stephen Barlow.*

Right: *Nuna Davey and Walter Fitzgerald as Mr. and Mrs. Vining.*

Still Going Strong

AS we enter the New Year we look in awe at a few plays that seem to have been running since Edmund Kean's day, though actually the leader goes back less than two years. This is the Crazy Gang revue, *Knights of Madness*, which began, according to reliable authority, on March 16, 1950, and has been spinning like a top ever since.

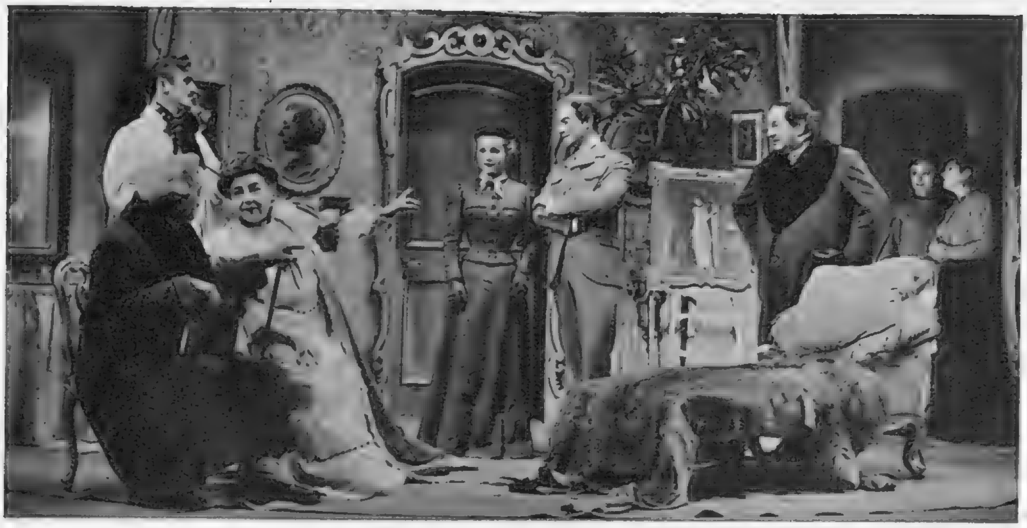
I think *Seagulls Over Sorrento* is next. It arrived on a very hot night at the Apollo (June 14, 1950); and Ronald Shiner, so effective then, continues to be the life and soul of this naval mess-deck on a lump of rock in the Orkneys. Third is *The Little Hut* (August 23, 1950), another island story—with a castaway-cast—that I never imagined, when I saw it first at a rather drowsy matinée, would still be holding the fort sixteen months later, thanks mainly to Robert Morley's performance: one of magnificent suavity that Robinson Crusoe would have done well to have studied.

We go on to salute such old stagers as *Reluctant Heroes* (September 12, 1950), the author of which—Colin Morris—and his cast must be, frankly, as surprised as we are; Roger MacDougall's *To Dorothy, A Son* (November 23, 1950), still—now at the Garrick—with Sheila Sim off-stage all the evening, and Allyn McLerie (instead of Yolande Donlan) to worry Richard Attenborough. Then there is *Blue For a Boy* (His Majesty's), which would have given Tree apoplexy, but which has been packing them in for thirteen months. Fred Emney is benignly elephantine; Richard Hearne is himself—without wig, but with one superb swallow-dive through a cocktail-cabinet. Why? Well, why not? It's good exercise.

All the other plays are youngsters, produced last year. My favourite is N. C. Hunter's *Waters of the Moon* (Haymarket), with its extraordinary performance by Dame Sybil Thorndike in a part that may be little enough in the text, but which the art of a great actress transforms. Dame Edith Evans, Wendy Hiller, Kathleen Harrison: this, indeed, is a women's hour. For musical comedy I recommend *Gay's The Word*, which has been running since February 16 at the Saville, with its Novello music and with Cicely Courtneidge as the vital spark. Only ten days before he died Novello took a first-night call from his box. And then *South Pacific*. This, of course, will be at Drury Lane until Mary Martin decides that she really has washed that man "right outa" her hair, which may be a very long time ahead. *Kiss Me, Kate* has been at the Coliseum since March 8.

Thrillers? One only, but a good one: Agatha Christie's *The Hollow* (Ambassadors), with the death of a most unpleasant doctor. Next door is a good revue, *Penny Plain* (St. Martin's); and another excellent one, *The Lyric Revue* (Globe), should run on well into 1952. Don't forget such plays as *Relative Values*, *The Love of Four Colonels*, *And So To Bed*, *The White Sheep of the Family*, *Women of Twilight*. . . . There will be time for these, and others, later.

. . with J. C. TREWIN



COLOMBE

Above : Mme. Alexandra : "And you will be a dear friend and add me a little something for the child, won't you? We can audition her after the rehearsal." (Esmé Percy as Robinet ; Vernon Greeves as a hairdresser ; Yvonne Arnaud as Mme. Alexandra ; Joyce Redman as Colombe ; John Stratton as Paul ; David Horne as Desfournettes ; Penelope Munday as a manicurist ; and Billie Hill as a chiropodist.)

Below : Colombe : "It 's funny . . . when flowers are given to you they become quite different." (Joyce Redman as Colombe ; Michael Gough as Julien.)

COLOMBE

(New)

The french-polishing of the West End stage continues with Anouilh's turn-of-the-century anecdote of a Parisian theatre. Denis Cannan has put it agreeably into English ; but I cannot pretend that the first part of the evening would be exciting if Peter Brook, as producer, was not always at hand to move the piece along with just the extra touch of inspiration that distinguishes a fine production from a capable one. The third act, it seems to me, would go anywhere. It begins with one of the back-to-front stage scenes that can never fail to please—one now treated by Brook with delighted ingenuity—and it opens into the best passages yet developed in this bitter little story of a broken marriage.

The partners of the marriage are a former Parisian flower-girl, Colombe, and a bitter, possessive young man, son of a tornado of an eminent actress. They have been married for two years. Anouilh, who likes to prove as often as possible that life is a snare, love a delusion, and laughter mirthless, is trying to show, I dare say, that love cannot last, that first illusions must soon fade. It is a wry and not very tenable theory ; but we are used by now to this bitter little wind from Paris. And the dramatist who, at best, is a really original craftsman, suddenly startles us with his exciting third act and a final epilogue which ties up the whole play by presenting to us what we should have had at the start : the first meeting of the lovers. There they are, the pair drawn together by a love that can never break—and we know very well how and why it will be broken. (In our ear Anouilh laughs harshly.)

This queer play should be dominated by the ageing actress, Alexandra, cruel, arrogant egotist. Yvonne Arnaud cannot sink her good nature in the appalling woman ; and we may remember first—certainly I do—the lovers of Joyce Redman, exquisitely appealing as Colombe, and Michael Gough, her angry young husband.

* * *

INDIAN SUMMER

(Criterion)

I do not know whether Peter Watling's play will be running by the time this appears ; but, for the sake of one scene—acted most sensitively by Jane Baxter and Betty Ann Davies as a pair of sisters—it deserves better than to be shuffled off without a word. The piece has no plot. Its family—with a mother who lives in an Anglo-Indian past—dawdles in and out of the South Kensington house, now in the bedroom, now the garden. Little happens. Though we appreciate the author's wit, the people—except at rare intervals—never come near enough for us to make friends with them, and Robert Flemyng, in the lead, has a hopeless task.

Plans for the Future

We may expect to see Robertson Hare back on the West End stage later this spring. He has been touring with success in *Something in the Cellar*, a new farce by—inevitably—Vernon Sylvaine ; but, after six weeks in the provinces, it had to close on December 15, owing to Arthur Riscoe's illness. When he is back again, the farce will go on, and London (we hope) will be all the brighter.

MISS DUNHAM

The dancing world will be at the Cambridge Theatre on January 8. Recently, Peter Daubeny has presented there French, American, Spanish and Indian companies. Now he is bringing back to the West End Katherine Dunham and her Negro dancers. Since she exploded on us at the Prince of Wales in 1948, Miss Dunham has been touring all over the place. In London—after a notable season in Paris—her programme will include Plantation and Square dances, Ragtime and the Cakewalk, all new to London.

SOUTH BANK

There is more dancing excitement to-morrow night at the Royal Festival Hall. Here the Original Ballet Russe is presenting the world première of *Femmes d'Alger*, based by George Kirsta (responsible for book and décor) upon the Delacroix painting in the Louvre. Joseph Horovitz, conductor of the Original Ballet Russe, has written the music, and the choreography is by Dokoudovsky.

MORE ANOUILH

An Anouilh play is reviewed elsewhere on this page. Now, to-night (January 2), we are to have at the Arts Theatre Club *Le Bal des Voleurs*, which some of us saw (in the same Lucienne Hill translation) at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre under the title of *Thieves' Carnival*. The Arts cast is particularly strong : Maxine Audley, Robin Bailey, David Bird, Judith Furse, Wyndham Goldie, Gerald Harper, Elizabeth Henson, Harold Lang, John Laurie. Harold Turner has arranged dances for Tutte Lemkow and Sara Luzita ; and Roy Rich produces.

GETTING AROUND

A stage version of *The Blue Lamp*, by Ted Willis and Jan Read, may go on at the Embassy early in the New Year. . . . There are two Mander-and-Mitchenson theatre displays in London at the moment : one at the Duchess for the Emlyn Williams Dickens performance, and one at the New Boltons for the Lady Godiva comedy, *The Importance of Wearing Clothes*. . . . The Stratford-upon-Avon producers next season will be Glen Byam Shaw for *Coriolanus* and *As You Like It*, George Devine for *Volpone*, John Gielgud for *Macbeth*, and Michael Benthall again for *The Tempest*. . . . Diana Decker is now appearing in *The Lyric Revue* in place of Roberta Huby, who left for pantomime. . . . Jewel and Warriss are in the next *Latin Quarter* revue which opens at the London Casino on March 8, after the *Aladdin* pantomime.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By Cyril Butcher

"WELL, I think it 's time we all stopped trying to cut each other's throats and played ball." Thus Henry Sherek, one of the country's leading theatrical managers, when we rang him up, the other day, and invited him to comment upon the agreement which has been reached between the B.B.C. and a body of such West End managers. This agreement has at last opened the door to the possibility that television broadcasts will be made direct from London theatres, during a performance at which an ordinary *paying* audience is present. They will technically be in the nature of Outside Broadcasts in fact.

We were glad to get the news from television's Cecil Madden; for some sort of common ground between the newest medium of entertainment and the oldest has long been wanted. But at the same time he warned us that this was merely the beginning and not the whole answer to the problem. The present agreement is confined to "straight" plays and only forty-five-minute excerpts from them. Other types of shows, such as musical comedies, revues, etc., are subject to separate negotiation. Also it must not be forgotten that agreement with the managers is only an important first step. There are three watchful bodies (Equity, the Variety Artistes' Federation and the not-too-easy-to-please Musicians' Union) to placate. These still regard television with a certain amount of suspicion, which will have to be overcome before viewers can expect to have the West End theatre brought into their own homes.

All this must not be confused with the growing practice of taking over a theatre for the evening and televising a show, given before an *invited, non-paying* audience. That, for all official purposes, is rated as a studio performance. The other, the sharing of the theatre public with their viewing brethren of the same occasion—if only for one act—is a first step in the direction in which television will inevitably go. One day we shall not only be able to see all of a stage show, but have the choice of several on any particular evening.

In the meantime, let us hope that Mr. Sherek's colleagues will share his willingness to "play ball." By that, we mean that we trust television will be allowed to share some of the tremendous evenings in the theatre—such as an exciting first-night of some big hit—and not be fobbed off with a succession of near misses, which, teetering on the brink of failure, might be saved by the extra publicity.

Perhaps it is a pity that this policy was not adopted earlier, for then the unwisdom of televising Neville Croft's play, *All the Year Round*, would have been more immediately apparent. It received rough treatment from a restless first-night gallery when it was produced for the theatre, and capital was made out of that fact when it came to the television production. But if the intention was to disarm criticism, we are unresponsive. We found the play boring, indifferently written and peopled with characters who interested us not one jot. Had an excerpt been given first, one might have been spared the entirety.

However, Michael Barry and his Drama Dept. deserve to be forgiven, for they also gave us *A Sleep of Prisoners*, the latest Christopher Fry play. This production, by W. P. Rilla, was a proud and distinguished moment in television history. The premise is comparatively simple. Four British soldiers, prisoners of war, find themselves locked in a bombed German church, and they each have separate dreams which finally blend in a mixture of reverse allegory, Bible lore and Freudian complication. To this framework Mr. Fry has lent his unique talent for making the English language sing in exquisitely narcotic cadences and if, from time to time, one suspects him of talking nonsense, it is such beautiful nonsense that it might just as well pass for profound truth. There was a superb performance by John Slater, but he only led the other three actors, Robin Lloyd, Andrew Leigh and Peter Williams, by a short head. Barry Learoyd's church setting was a triumph of fidelity.

Sorry that *Turn It Up*, the Jewel and Warris series, has come to an end. The two comedians improved with each programme as they learnt about television requirements—and as producer Michael Mills learnt how to handle *them*. Perhaps another series later?

If we are to have any more of *In the Mood* with Joe Loss and his band, may we ask Mr. Loss to get a better script, or stop being humorous?

According to Ian Stuart Black, in his comedy *We Must Kill Toni*, there are two ways of dealing with an attractive cousin who has inherited your home: marry her or murder her. Here the two brothers get to work. Andrew Osborn, Barbara Murray and David Markham.

Peter Williams, John Slater and Robin Lloyd in one of the many dramatic moments of Christopher Fry's *A Sleep of Prisoners*. This play, with its dream sequences, was particularly suitable for television, and gave producer W. P. Rilla ample opportunity for brilliant camera work.

The mechanical talking doll has been the subject of many tales and legends. Here, in the *Inventors' Club* series, Geoffrey Boumphrey (left), the club's technical adviser, watches N. F. Sambrook demonstrating an amusing up-to-date "creation" animated by electronics.

Colonel W. H. Wolstenholme, R.A.M.C., A.D.M.S. 42nd (Lancs) Division, and his sister, Mrs. F. Thornton, received Brigadier C. B. Walker, commanding 127 Infantry Brigade and the Manchester Garrison (right) and Mrs. Walker, watched (left) by Mrs. J. C. B. Stephens.

Making their way to the supper-room : Colonel C. Berens, R.A.M.C., joint secretary of the Ball, Miss Helen Bowers and Councillor W. Hewerdine, J.P., Mayor of Stretford.

Spotlight on Manchester

The Territorial Ball

At Manchester's Grand Hotel in Aytoun Street on December 14, Officers of the Territorial Army units of the R.A.S.C. and the R.A.M.C. 42 (Lancashire) Division held their joint Annual Ball and Dinner. This affair is accounted one of the major social events in Manchester at this time of the year and is connected with T.A. units of Lancashire and Cheshire. To a first-class band on a well-found floor, a big company danced till 1 a.m., with that hearty enjoyment one always finds up North.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

The two pioneers who originated the Ball sixteen years ago : Major R. Apthomas, M.B.E., T.D. (4 bars), R.A.S.C., and Colonel J. F. O'Grady, R.A.M.C.

[Continued overleaf

Colonel W. H. Wolstenholme danced with Mrs. Walker.

Lieut. John Prizley, R.A.S.C., danced a quickstep with his wife.

Major A. Brittain, R.A.S.C., took the floor with Mrs. Hogan.

Lieut. G. B. Wheeler, D.L.O.Y., and Miss Sinclair went round.

On dinner bent (l. to r.) : Captain M. Dean, Q.O.Y.D., Miss Margaret Dean, Lieut. N. E. Umbers, Q.O.Y.D., Miss Christine Herrod, and Lieut. K. A. Harrison, R.A.S.C.

On their way to the bar were (l. to r.) : Sqdn. Commander R. G. Read, Mrs. E. A. Gerrard, Colonel O'Grady, Mrs. Read and Sqdn. Commander E. A. Gerrard, R.N.V.R.

A cheery party round the table (l. to r.) : Mrs. C. A. Cresty, Captain Cresty, Colonel J. Ryan, A.D.M.S., N.W. District, Colonel O'Grady, Hon. Colonel, 42nd Division R.A.M.C., and Air Vice-Marshal Bowen-Buscarlet and his wife.

Mrs. Harold Thorpe (left) faced (l. to r.) Maj. Harold Thorpe, Mrs. Donniger, Mr. George Vens, Mrs. Arthur Driver and Col. Allen Foulkes.

Spotlight on Manchester—

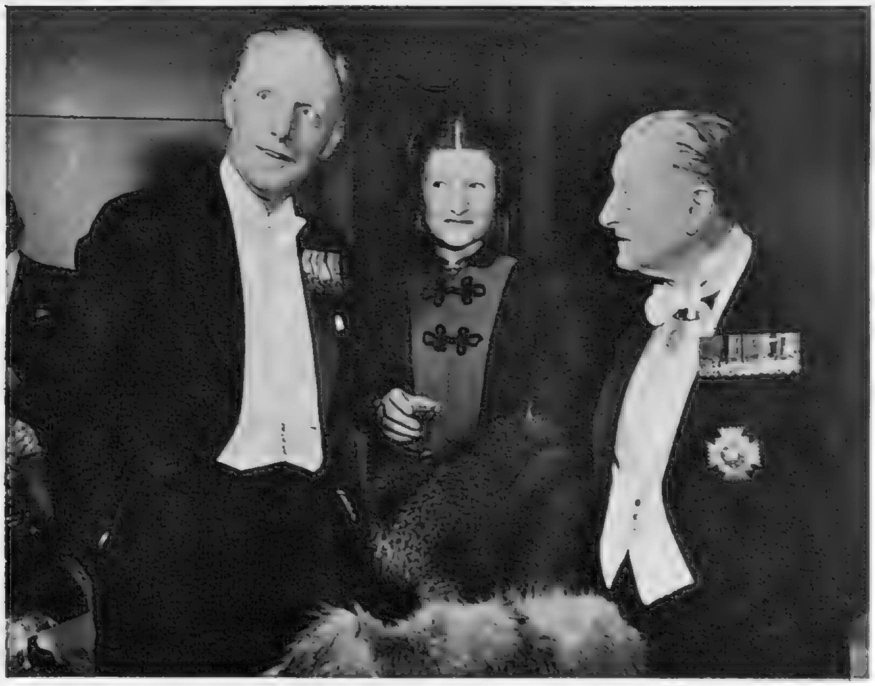
Coffee-time snapshot of (l. to r.) Brigadier Farquharson-Roberts, Mrs. Eric Cooper and Lieut.-Colonel J. C. B. Stephens.

Close-up (l. to r.): Mrs. E. A. Gerrard, Colonel Heywood-Jones, R.A.M.C., Captain David Massey, R.A., Mrs. Massey and Mrs. Heywood-Jones.

At cocktails a young party (l. to r.): Mr. R. J. Shiers, Miss Sheelagh O'Grady, 2nd Lieut. G. B. Wheeler, D.L.O.Y., and Miss Sheila Sinclair.

Enjoyment. (l. to r.): Colonel H. Sissons, R.A.M.C. Mrs. A. B. Stirling, Major F. J. Battersby, Mrs. H. Sissons and Mrs. Battersby.

Argument. (l. to r.): Mrs. G. N. Seager, Captain G. N. Seager and Miss E. Roberts.



Interest. (right): Colonel Sir William Coates, retired Chairman of East Lancs Territorial Association, with his son and daughter, Colonel J. H. Coates and Mrs. Douglass.

The Territorial Ball

HOLIDAYS—

How do boys and girls spend the weeks after Christmas when all the preparations and excitements are over? No doubt there are still some party invitations propped on mantelshelves; a pantomime to see; a circus to visit. But this is also a time when the contents of school trunks must be checked—and new clothes bought. This can be a boring business and some stores, in an effort to help, provide "sideshows" for their young customers. An example at the moment is Harrods, where a three-week season of juvenile entertainment has been arranged. Daily films show sporting champions giving advice to young players; talks by famous authors designed to interest youngsters take place each afternoon. Children can have sailing lessons in a real dinghy, under artificially created weather conditions. They can see tennis rackets and balls manufactured, glass blown into tiny glass animals, skilled hands turn a flat disc of aluminium into a shiny saucepan—and more besides.

* * *

And while replenishing school wardrobes, look also at holiday wear. A plaid wool dress, for instance, with smocked shoulders and pockets (£6 7s.); sturdy dungarees with workmanlike pockets (£2 15s.); a twin-set in ribbed wool (£4 12s.); and a dressing-gown to be proud of with shiny padded pockets, cuffs and lapels (£6 7s.).

and Rainy Days

by Elizabeth Penrose

Chosen with a rainy day in mind but also to be worn on a great many dull, cloudy or dismal *dry* days—and if you like on bright days too—is this Mornessa showerproof coat. It is tailored in a proofed, fine woollen material and has a velvet collar and a velvet lining to the snappy little peaked cap. Wear it loose (*below*) or belted (*right*) in town or country. Price : £9 3s. from D. H. Evans ; Affleck & Brown of Manchester. The cap to match is 18s. 6d.

Mornessa

"Point-to-Point" is a Delta bootee as versatile and as good a "buy" as the showerproof coat. Made of leather in brown, grey or poppy, and fleecy lined to ward off chills on the racecourse. £4 9s. 6d. from all Lotus and Delta shops.

"Jewellery in the Cotswolds"

In response to enquiries from readers interested in the jewel and dress parade at the Lygon Arms, Broadway, featured in our issue of December 5, the dresses were shown by courtesy of Jane Crosswright, of Evesham, and the jewels lent by R. F. Beard Ltd., of Cheltenham, the event being a joint venture by these two firms.

TAILORING — at its best

by Elizabeth Penrose

Make a New Year resolution to invest your money from now on in really fine materials—an economy in the end. Top-grade stuffs outlast their cheap counterparts by years, and look good throughout a long life.

RIGHT: dark grey flannel for a dress which with its many uses is a vital part of any woman's wardrobe—it can be dressed up with jewellery; worn more casually with a contrasting scarf; made different with changeable accessories. *Dorville's* interpretation of the versatile flannel dress has an all-round pleated skirt from a hip-yoke. Sleeves are set into a diamond shape; collar points are buttoned to the bodice. Wear it with a flower in your waist, elbow-length gloves, a frosty white beret. Price: about £23 at Jay's of Regent Street; Samuels of Manchester.

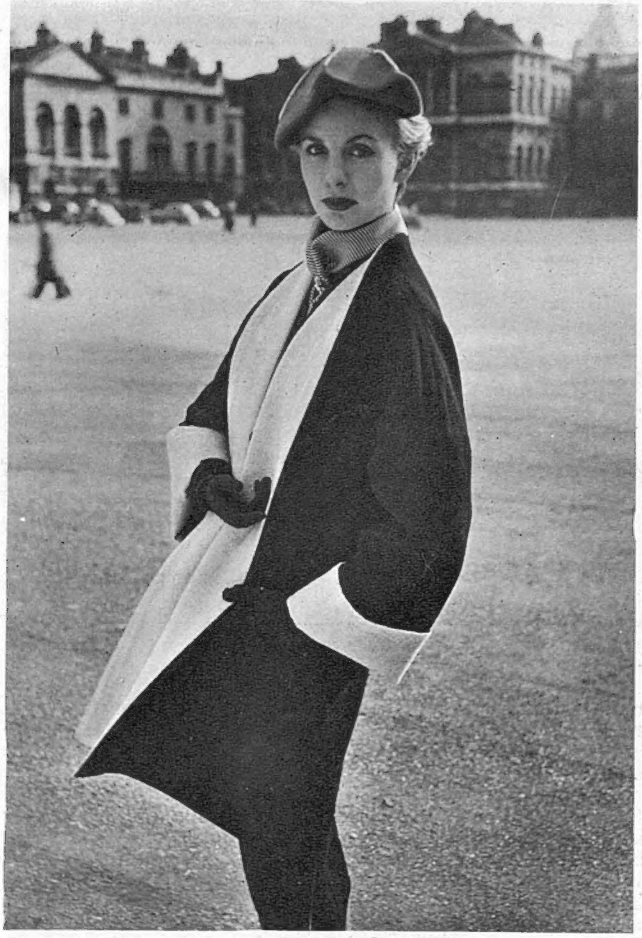
BELOW: lightweight over-check suiting for a smooth, slender dress by *Marcus*, a simple shirt-waister with pleats down the back of the skirt. It has the new seven-eighth sleeves; a neat bright leather belt. Price: 28 gns. at Walpoles of New Bond Street; Anthonie of Cardiff. Hat in mushroom peach bloom by *Madge Chard*.

Dorville.

Marcus.

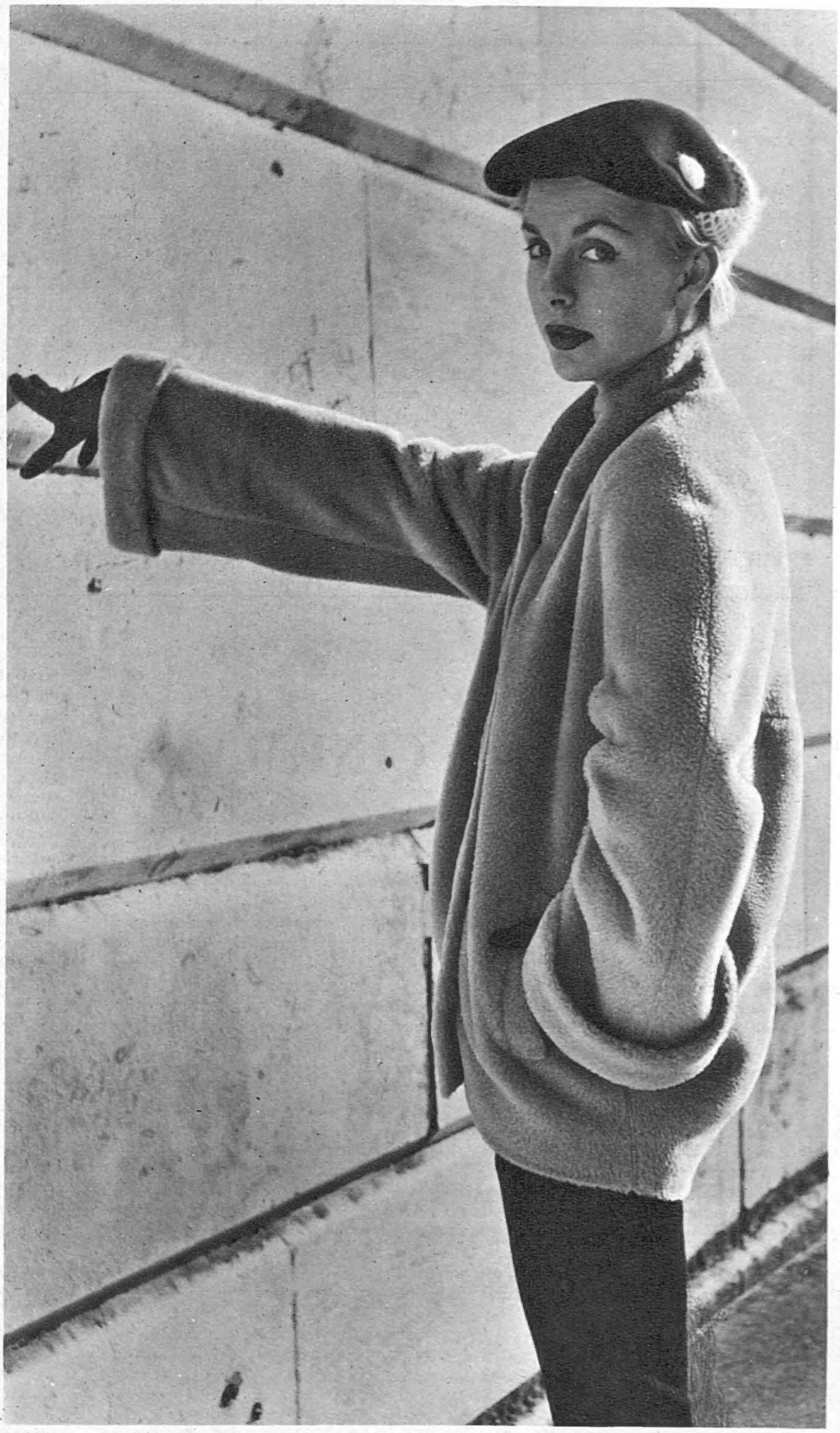
BELOW: A canary-coloured wool and mohair cloth is used by *Windsmoor* for a loose, soft-shouldered coat, ideal for travel. Ample bell sleeves fall to neat wrists; the cut of the back is new and simple. Price: £11. John Barkers of Kensington and Leader's of Leeds will soon have it.

Windsmoor.



Digby Morton.

ABOVE: *Digby Morton's* short coat in black reversible ottoman. The cuffs and tuxedo front are a soft, yellow-coloured wool. The hat is by *Otto Lucas.*



Monte Sano.

David Kidd.

Jacqmar's new ready-to-wear collection comprises the work of three top-flight designers—one British and two American. *Monte Sano* of New York designs clothes with a sophisticated rounded silhouette. His figure-flattering "Peter Pan" suits have softly pouched, hip-hugging jackets worn over reed-slim skirts. Typical of his line is the sand-coloured slouch jacket (ABOVE) in soft, fleecy mohair cloth, worn with an *Otto Lucas* beret. *David Kidd* of Hollywood prefers to pinch in the waist, and places pockets to accentuate the hip-line. The collar of his suit (LEFT) in mushroom mouchete, the season's latest craze, is slotted for a spotted surah scarf which matches the *Otto Lucas* hat. *Digby Morton* of London contributes tailoring which is essentially feminine. His unfussed silhouette combines casual elegance with detail which remains fashionable for years. Jackets have an unbuttoned look with the accent on pockets or lapels (SEE ABOVE, LEFT). Skirts are generally slim and fifteen inches from the ground, but stiff petticoats make their bow under the new full flares.

MRS. PUTTS By PETER ENDER

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

HOLLYWOOD takes itself so seriously nowadays that nobody will be surprised to find a message to U.N.O. creeping into its science fiction. *The Day the Earth Stood Still* presupposes concern in certain other planets, 5000 years more advanced in civilisation than ours, over the state of affairs on Earth. Getting ourselves into an internal mess is one thing, they feel, but interfering with the security of the universe is quite another. So they send Michael Rennie 250,000,000 miles in a space-ship to talk to the President of the United States. He is well equipped to do this, as he is a bi-lingual space-man, speaking perfect English, although with what is described as a New England accent.

The President must call a conference, Mr. Rennie has been instructed to say, of all the rulers of the world. They must be informed that if they start applying atomic energy to space-ships, the Organisation for the Mutual Protection of All Planets will promptly take action. The Interplanetary police—who appear to be a race of highly superior robots, clad in impenetrable armour, with atomic rays shooting from their visor slits—will be charged to destroy the Earth. The other planets don't *want* to do this, Mr. Rennie says, but they will be forced to, since they are pledged to eliminate any form of aggression.

Mr. Rennie, although firm, is very civil about all this, and it is sad to have to report that his visit is not at all well received. No sooner does he set foot on American soil than a trigger-happy soldier shoots him in the arm. The President, showing a surprising lack of curiosity in this messenger from Mars, politely declines to meet him, and explains that the conference he suggests is out of the question in the present state of international unrest. The Russians cable that they will only attend if the meeting is held in Moscow; the British propose Washington, but don't really want to play. The unfortunate Mr. Rennie finds himself placed under armed guard, and when, after some astral jiggery-pokery with the locks, he manages to escape in a borrowed lounge suit (for the plastic overalls in which he arrives are distinctly on the conspicuous side), he finds himself chased all over Washington by mobile police and several armoured divisions.

Only three people in the whole of Earth are kind to him—a beautiful young widow, her small son and a somewhat *farouche* professor, who is struggling with a space-time formula and glad of expert help. Thanks to these three, and his attendant robot (who is with difficulty restrained from pulverising all Mr. Rennie's detractors with atomic rays), he does get to meet a number of international leaders in the end (scientists, you must understand, and not the political chaps). To them he entrusts, in a solemn farewell speech, the responsibility of choosing between non-aggression or destruction of this planet, and instructs them to let the other planets know when Earth has made up its own silly mind. Since he gives no specific instructions as to methods of communication, I was at a loss for a time to know how the delegates were expected to do this. Then I realised that I had been as stupid as all the other stupid people on Earth, for Mr. Rennie clearly announced, quite early in the film, that the O.M.P.A.P. monitored Earth's radio system.

As you can see, *The Day the Earth Stood Still* is clearly intended to challenge imagination on a rather higher level than the majority of modern works of science fiction. That it should do so would be an excellent thing, and anything that discourages the peoples of this planet from further aggression is much to be applauded, but I can't help feeling that it is the *gadgets* rather than the message that may make this film a success. Enormous care and wide research have obviously gone into the construction of everything appertaining to the space-ship, and the technical detail is certain to fascinate the young, inquiring mind.

For the benefit of harassed aunts and mothers, who may be subjected to some tricky questioning by their juvenile companions on the way home from the film, I might mention that the space-ship, a perfect air-foil modelled on the lines of a flying saucer, has a circular gyroscopic control room 20 ft. in diameter, disclosed by corrugated translucent plastic walls; that the robot, compound of spun-glass cloth, solidifying lacquer and silver-painted sponge rubber, has a lucent eye activated by blue electric light bulbs; and that Mr. Rennie's one-piece flying overalls are made of blue cloth shot with gold thread, form-fitting but functional. Nobody will be surprised to learn that the evolution of these things entailed what the publicists describe as "considerable abstract thinking" on the part of the studio. (The next science fiction film, perhaps, will show us something evolved by *concrete* thought.)

Never Take No for an Answer is a sweet-natured, rather unconventional film that will be gently liked, but which never quite manages the full flight of fancy. It has been made from a delightful little book by the American writer Paul Gallico; shot almost entirely in Italy by a British company, and played by an Italian-British-American cast, with the Italians, quite properly, predominating.

The hero is a small boy of Assisi, whose beloved donkey, Violetta, falls sick and seems likely to die. He thinks that if he can only take her into the crypt of the church of St. Francis, patron saint of animals, and let the Saint see her kind smile, she will get well. He finds, however, that in order to do this, a long-unopened door in the wall of the crypt must be broken down; and in order to do *that*, the church must have the authority of the Pope. So the little boy goes to Rome to see the Pope, and after a great deal of official discouragement, his touching note and a bunch of wayside flowers at last secure him an audience. The child goes back to Assisi with the Papal blessing, and an order bearing the Papal seal, and lo and behold! when the wall is broken down, out tumbles a box containing the sacred relics of St. Francis, lost all these hundreds of years. The donkey? Ah, yes—most of us graceless spectators, like the child, are more immediately interested in the donkey than the box. Well, Violetta is led into the sanctuary, in a nice final long-shot with a pretty golden halo, and her chances of recovery, it seems, are distinctly bright.

Nobody can help but like this little film, but applause of it, I think, will always be tempered by a certain measure of compromise. Perhaps it would have seemed more true if the cast had been Italian throughout: the grown-up British and American actors are a little apt to look like kindly uncles all-dressed-up. The authentic Italian backgrounds are lovely, but the post synchronisation of the players' voices (most of the film was shot silent) isn't always as good as it ought to be. The small boy, Vittorio Manunta, is appealing in a sturdy, baby way, but he has more of the defenceless charm of a child asleep than the positive contribution of an actor.

Far keener child-acting comes from a couple of French youngsters in *Three Telegrams*, which is all about an unfortunate telegraph boy who is knocked down by a lorry, robbed of his satchel, and spends a desperate evening trying to recover the three wisps of official blue paper he has lost. A serious lad named Gerard Gervais is utterly convincing in this part: a presumably younger child called Pierrette Simonet gives a shatteringly effective performance as the practical, stolid little girl (with a tartan pinafore and a fringe) who helps him to search the Paris gutters for his lost spoil: and Henri Decoin has directed the film so smoothly that the whole thing seems to be happening for the first time under our eyes. I loved every moment of this film, and when a quite brilliant short about Picasso is added as a bonus to the bill, I feel inclined to send all my friends to the Academy this Christmas for good measure.

This England . . .

Scafell and Eskdale

NO CORNER OF THE EARTH has moved the poet's mind to so lofty an inspiration as our English Lakes. Even before Wordsworth was born, Gray who wrote the Elegy came there and made a journal of his travels. Scott and De Quincey, Coleridge and Shelley, Keats, Southey, Tennyson, and many more enlarged their spirits in that eager air, walking those wild romantic hills. Be sure too that in the fell-side inns many a poet claimed the tired walker's high reward of Bass kept lovingly and poured with skill. Already that noble beer was old in esteem as a delight to the eye, and comforting to mind and body.

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